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*To hug the mountain.*

## Editing Staff

Rachel Ithen

*To get to the other side.*

Evan Silberman

*For the sultry spandex-clad reward.*

Ian McEwen

*To reach Arrakis, planet of the spice.*

Stephen Morton

*To seek the wizards and their secrets.*

Greg Larsen

*Because he's in love.*

Stephanie Schmidt

*To get the mountain people's treasure.*

Fiona Stewart-Taylor

*For the... sinewy bodies and... tiny little toes.*

## Submit

## Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish. Your submission must include your real name: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill on a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.

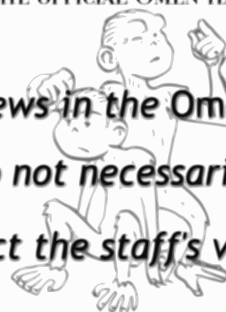
Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to [omen@hampshire.edu](mailto:omen@hampshire.edu) or Ian McEwen, Box 286.

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



The Omen Haiku

Front cover: Ian McEwen  
Back cover: Sky Reid-Mills

# EDITORIAL

by Ian McEwen

So, I haven't written any editorials yet this year.

It's way easier to make Rachel do it. This probably makes me a bad person. Oh well. I probably already was.

However, I'm back. I come to you with a terrible issue plaguing us today: lack of submissions to the Omen... wait. That was a different editorial. Or later in this one. Same thing. Anyway.

For real this time: teachers requiring doctor's notes in response to sickness. This is in my worldview at the moment for a simple reason, one also related to my not writing editorials the last few weeks: I've been sick for the last few weeks.

When I say sick, let me be clear that I'm not talking about some little cough. Nor am I talking of ebola, projectile vomiting, or such things. Just good honest sickness: fever, sore throat, being mostly incapable of getting out of bed or thinking very hard about anything but the next time I was going to take painkillers/fever reducers.

The take-away message here is: sick enough to not be at class, but not sick enough for it to be worth going to the doctor. It seemed unjust to me to waste 20 minutes of a doctor's (or even just Health Services') time just to be told "oh, do what

you've been doing about your sickness. Lots of rest, fluids, you should be better soon." Nor did I think it would be great for my sickness to get up out of bed, walk out in the cold to the bus stop, wait out in the cold for the bus, ride to Hampshire, and then walk down to Health Services. Then repeat it in the opposite direction.

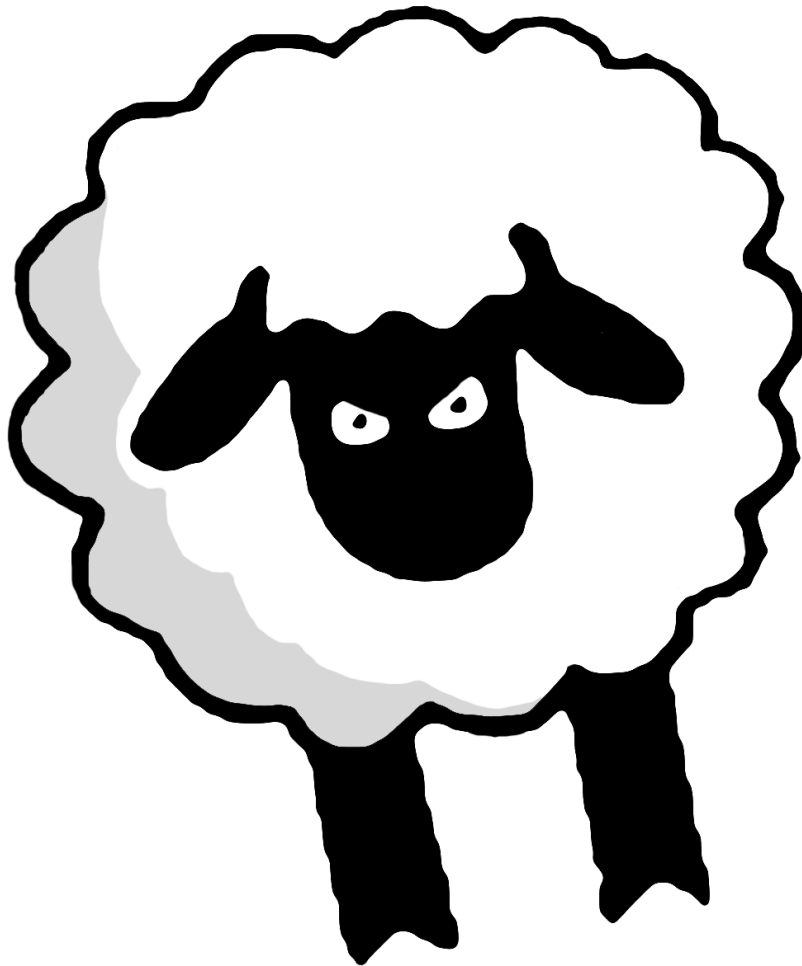
So I didn't. I think that the few points I'll lose because of the one teacher who decided that it was "only fair" to require a doctor's note, and thus would not let me turn in my homework late (by one class) will be thoroughly outbalanced by the twenty minutes that more thoroughly sick people could use at Health Services, and by the relative speed of my recovery compared with my having gone out in the cold to go to Health Services.

Man, that was convoluted.

Anyway. Point is: doctor's notes are a waste of time for sick people and for doctors, and additionally possibly counterproductive in the goal of getting well.

Also, submit to the Omen. Because I have to say that every editorial, I think. Or something.

omen@hampshire.edu



**Send your fevered rants to the Omen!**  
**(and related topics)**



# SECTION SPEAK

## **Eleven Mind-Blowing Facts (admittedly taken from reddit)** by Rachel Ithen

1. There are more atoms in a single glass of water than glasses of water in all the oceans of the Earth.
2. There are more fake flamingos in the world than real flamingos.
3. If you shuffle a deck of cards, chances are that the new order of playing cards has never existed before.
4. A blue whale's heart is the size of a VW Beetle and you could swim through some of its arteries.
5. Either we are alone in the universe or not, either way it's mind-blowing.
6. Cleopatra lived closer in time to the first Moon landing than to the building of the Great Pyramid.
7. The average adult human has two to nine pounds of bacteria in his or her body.
8. Half of all humans who have ever lived have died from malaria.
9. 54 million people alive right now will be dead within 12 months.
10. Of all the people in history that have reached 65 years of age, half of them are living right now.
11. You see your nose at all times, your brain just chooses to ignore it.



# Assassins Results

## by Kristjan Mets and Jonah Kellman

The Spring 2011 game is being run by Jonah Kellman and Kristjan Mets. Registration closes 2/5/11 and the game begins 2/6/11. The game ended 3/1/11. The first person to die was David Nishball. The Winner of the main game was Guillaume Sparrow-Pepin. The Winner of the dead game was Ian Campbell.

### News

#### *Day 1: Blood on the First Day*

Before the game, the killer known as Knifebeard suspected that a bomb was placed on his door. Was it a case of bad nerves, or was an assassin trying to get ahead of the game? Perhaps the paranoia and fear are already taking hold.

Some minutes after the game started, The Buff Banner was shot in the head in his own room. Forensics indicates that the killer, suspected to be the Magician, knocked on the victim's door. Waking up from what we presume to be a night of heavy partying, the Buff Banner did not realize the game had begun and opened the door. The rest is obvious. With no witnesses around, the Magician is still at large and is credited with the first kill of the year.

Some time later, there were reports of a firefight between two assassins, The Arsassin and Goggles. As it turned out, neither was targeting the other and the fight had broken out over a weapon being brandished in public. No one was hurt, and G.O.D. would like to remind all players to be discreet with their weapons.

Mudkipz's body was found in a stairwell. Yoshimi noticed him walking past his room and immediately gave pursuit. As he tried to escape, Mudkipz was fatally shot, his body tumbling down the staircase in a series of comical somersaults. Pleased with himself, Yoshimi returned to doing his homework.

#### *Day 1.5: The Morning Standard*

Good morning, I hope you all slept safe and sound. Unfortunately, I know that many of you clearly didn't. This is the preferred newsletter of people involved in the business of brutal killings.

Hampshire has been hit with a horrific wave of crime involving bombs and savage attacks between assassins.

A pizza menu laced with poison was placed outside Agent Spiff's door. The delivery boy is now believed to be the Arsassin in disguise. As Agent Spiff was in the process of moving, she did not come across the deadly item.

A landmine was placed outside the Magician's door. It was discovered and disposed of.

Police have identified the remnants of a tripwire bomb placed outside the presumed hideout of the Black Sheep. The Black Sheep was confirmed as being off-campus at the time, and it seems a passing Good Samaritan may have disarmed the bomb for him. No injuries were reported.

Later in the evening, the Arsassin made his rounds about cam-

pus, disappointed at the failure of his pizza menu ruse. Luck was on his side, and he passed by Agent Spiff. They exchanged greeting, but then the Arsassin turned on his victim fired a shot point-blank into her face. Agent Spiff let out a bloodcurdling scream and fell to the ground. The Arsassin successfully got away from the scene.

A Super Bowl party ended in chaos when a deranged madwoman, Emcee Awesome, burst in and stabbed a celebrator. Bystanders were able to get the individual, now identified as Tudhaliya the Fifth, to the hospital where doctors saved his life. A report given to the police lead to the outing of Emcee Awesome as Julie Dellavilla, and she became the first assassin placed on the wanted list.

Shortly after, the assassin known as Moonlight noticed Emcee Awesome sitting in her room with the door open, presumably taunting others to challenge her. Moonlight fired shots at Emcee Awesome, but the bullets could not put her down. Not wanting to risk a close fight with the madwoman, Moonlight made her escape. G.O.D. would like to remind all players that rooms are considered safe zones between the hours of 9PM and 10AM.

The Black Sheep's problems weren't over yet. Now back in his room, he noticed a series of landmines placed outside his door. He successfully removed the landmines. Remember, friends, doors are dangerous places and a cheap target for assassins.

Having been discharged from the hospital, Tudhaliya the Fifth was feeling confident. Hatching a scheme to eliminate his target and assassin, the deranged Emcee Awesome, he was distracted by a friend and took a drink of water. The friend was in the employ of Emcee Awesome, who then leaped from the shadows and finished what she couldn't do earlier in the night. Spilling the water on the ground, Tudhaliya the Fifth was torn apart by the madwoman's knife and no doctors could save him this time.

John Wilkes Bamf soon made contact with Emcee Awesome. Having received a threatening letter from an anonymous sender, JWB was cautious and engaged the psychopath in conversation. Soon, JWB mentioned the letter and was able to draw Emcee Awesome out of her room. At this moment, JWB drew a small razor blade and slit the wanted criminal's throat. Emcee Awesome fell to the ground in a pool of blood and her short reign of terror was ended.

Police now believe a tripwire bomb had been placed outside of The Silent Knife's room. Another assassin, apparently short on resources, disarmed the bomb and rearmed it on the door of his target, the Magician. Some hours later, the Magician noticed the bomb as he slowly inched his door open. The bomb was on the brink of exploding but was deactivated for the final time.

#### *Day 2: The G.O.D.s are Not Merciful*

It has been an incredibly bloody day. Hampshire is riddled

with corpses, and the police are overwhelmed with the sheer multitude of attacks.

Shortly after midnight, Mr. Marley was found dead in the bathroom. He had been shaving innocently when Orpheus entered the bathroom. Orpheus slit Mr. Marley's throat and left the scene.

In the early morning, Captain Expendable spotted the assassin Grey Again brandishing a heavy gun. The Captain pulled out his own gun and a firefight ensued. After Grey Again deployed multiple grenades, the Captain retreated into the night.

Mr. Shiver was found dead in his room this morning. The assassin known as Holden Caulfield, who had done a favor for Mr. Shiver some time before, gained access to the room under the guise of friendship. Mr. Shiver was eager to thank his friend, only to find a knife thrust into his gut. Police could not determine where Caulfield went.

Meanwhile, the Arsassin left a box of tea outside the door of his target, Knifebeard the Gnome. But the tea is POISON!

Alexander Winter made his way to G2 to converse with G.O.D. Seeing an opportunity, Barghest barged into the open room and cut his target open. In his final moments, Alexander Winter smiled, knowing that G.O.D. would be sure to save him. But G.O.D. did not act. He is no witness, no savior. He is cruel, and smiled at the offering of life that Barghest had made to him.

Elsewhere, an odd fight took place when the Magic ambushed the Magician. The Magic fired at his target but missed, and the Magician ran at him with a knife and knocked the gun out of his hand. A grappling match ensued until the Magician was able to draw his own gun and shoot his attacker at point-blank range. Truly, the Magician has earned his name.

Later in the day, Asclepius spotted his target, the Quantum Mindfuck, at SAGA. Asclepius tailed him to Dakin, always keeping to the shadows. When the Mindfuck reached for his card to open the door, Asclepius rushed his victim with his knife. Unfortunately for him, at that moment a bystander exited Dakin and discovered them. Though she didn't realize the seriousness of what happened, Asclepius had to withdraw and the Quantum Mindfuck crawled to the hospital. Police later outed Raphael Sherak as Asclepius, placing him on the public Wanted List.

The Quantum Mindfuck was dismissed from the hospital and was recovering from his wounds at his room. Asclepius, knowing that the police were closing in on him, went to the room. He pretended to apologize, and the Mindfuck forgave him. The newfound friendship was short-lived as Asclepius took his knife out and finished the job.

It was a bad day for shaving. In the late morning, the Korean-Italian Mob made his way to Captain Expendable's residence and found the Captain in the middle of his morning ritual. The international mafioso then attacked with a knife. Though the victim struggled, the assassin was able to smash Captain Expendable's face into the mirror and dunk his head into the sink. The Captain's accomplice, hearing the commotion, rushed to his aid with a rapid-fire gun. Before she could fire, the hitman was able to get a string around her neck and throttle the accomplice.

Police confirmed that a bomb rigged to a door had been meant for the assassin Orpheus. The bomb had been discovered and dismantled.

The Magic had been killed, and a friend went to his room to mourn his loss. There, he tragically activated a landmine that had been meant for the Magic.

Knifebeard had seen the tea box and cautiously avoided it. He found his target, the Black Sheep, in a stairwell. After a short struggle, Knifebeard killed his target. The commotion was heard by the Arsassin, who then spotted Knifebeard trying to dispose the body. Delighted to find his target in such circumstances, the Arsassin opened fire and mortally wounded Knifebeard. Knowing his time on this world was limited, Knifebeard made his way to his room, brewed a cup of the suspicious tea, and drank down the poison with a smile on his face.

Gambit went on the prowl for his target, the Dorito. Finding the Dorito in his hideout, Gambit unleashed a flurry of razor-sharp playing cards upon his victim. When confirming the kill, Gambit was horrified to realize the victim was only a lookalike of the Dorito. Though Gambit fled the scene, sources indicate that the victim's murder will not go unanswered.

The assassin Goggles spotted Lucky Charms eating dinner with some of his friends. Lucky Charms then left his friends and headed home, with Goggles following. Just as Lucky Charms was about to enter his room, Goggles emerged from the shadows and shot him in the back of the head.

There are reports of yet another landmine having been discovered and disposed of, this time by Boris Snowday.

The body of John Wilkes Bamf was discovered in her room. She had been tricked by the assassin Shahrayar into looking up a document on her computer. With no friends around and her back turned, Shahrayar was easily able to slit JWB's throat and leave the scene.

Having finished two contracts in as many days, the Arsassin was getting confident. Before dinner, he was seen boasting to his friends that he knew who his assassin was, and furthermore, that the person posed no risk to him. Well, pride cometh before the fall. The assassin Yoshimi had been among those friends. At an opportune moment, he stabbed the Arsassin under the guise of a hug, leaving his victim's face dunked in a bowl of hot soup. Evidently, the Arsassin had been very wrong.

Police are investigating a massacre this evening that has left three people dead. The assassin Orpheus set the stage when he attempted to kill the Black Hat at close range. Though the Black Hat was taken by surprise, Orpheus had to escape when a witness approached. Riled up by the attack, a bloodthirsty crowd gathered around the Black Hat, but Orpheus had successfully fled the scene.

With the Black Hat seriously injured, the mob brought him before G.O.D. Since his attack was spotted in time, the Black Hat was able to recover. Holden Caulfield, who was part of the rabble, was not so lucky. He talked to a friend in the bathroom, and paranoid of his surroundings, left. Seeing menacing movements in the corner of his eye, he fell back to the bathroom. That's where the Reverend

was waiting. Holden Caulfield was fatally stabbed in the side and his body was left on the bathroom floor.

Another member of the mob, the Silent Knife, capitalized on the opportunity to get closer to his target. He fired one shot at the King of Names outside the victim's room. The King tried to dodge but was mortally wounded and his body fell to the ground.

Orpheus himself had escaped the bloodthirsty mob but feared reprisal for his botched assassination. The Battle Nun, who had promised that he was not Orpheus's assassin, comforted the worried killer. In a stunning act of betrayal, the Battle Nun then stabbed his friend in the back and left him to die. Cold-blooded as it was, the Battle Nun could not avoid feeling remorse for what fate had ordained.

#### *Day 2.5: All Quiet*

After campus had turned into a warzone yesterday, the quiet of the night came as a surprise. Those who had survived the day hunkered down in their rooms, trying to figure out when the next attack will come, when they can go out and hunt.

Sometime deep into the night, a landmine was placed on Artemis's door. Being a late-night procrastinator, Artemis heard the assassin and was able to find and remove the explosive. The perpetrator, however, had gotten away.

There are also odd reports of a necromantic cult digging up the graves of the recently deceased. Police are unsure of what their purpose is, and have urged citizens to remain vigilant.

#### *Day 3: Explosions Explosions Explosions*

Despite the fewer attacks that took place today, local police are responding to multiple explosions that have left multiple bystanders wounded and killed.

In the morning, a hitman opened fire on a target outside. The second shot hit the target between the eyes and sent his body rolling into a snowbank.

At the dining hall, h4nDy \$m!Rf was eating and keeping an eye out for danger when he spotted his target, Gambit. Following her to the salad bar, h4nDy \$m!Rf waited for a time when others weren't looking and then quietly slid a blade into the back of her neck as she tried to get some soup. Muffling her final cries, he discreetly let the body drop to the counter before making his escape.

The assassin Blue was perplexed to receive a belated Christmas card. Taking it back with the rest of his mail, Blue suddenly realized that the card may be a trap. He calmly asked a friend to open it, just before moving some distance away to be safe. The friend exclaimed "Ooh, glitter-" just as a massive fireball engulfed the room. Blue was able to dive out of a window in time, but was heartbroken by the cruel sacrifice of his friend.

Echo had the fortune of spotting the blooded h4nDy \$m!Rf passing by his door. The assassin waited patiently for h4nDy \$m!Rf to finish a conversation with local citizens. Once the target moved away to the stairwell, Echo gave chase and fired three bullets into his back. The h4nDy \$m!Rf fell to the ground, cursing the silly, silly name he had picked for himself.

Back in the mailroom, the Lethal Lamb was not as lucky as Blue had been. Having received a package, she didn't think it too

suspicious and opened it. She was instantly killed in an explosion, along with multiple people around her. Investigators responding to the grisly scene believe this to be the work of the prolific killer Magician.

As the Silent Knife made his way around campus, he was spotted by the killer Yoshimi. When the Silent Knife realized he was being followed, he was too late. Yoshimi paralyzed him with a specialty pair of Medusa goggles before throwing a poison grenade containing chlorine, phosgene, and cyanide gases. True to his name, the Silent Knife expired quietly as his face and body disintegrated.

Not quite certain if the Lethal Lamb had been killed in the explosion, the Magician infiltrated a morgue and repeatedly stabbed what was left of the victim's corpse. Satisfied that the target was completely dead, the Magician began plotting his next assassination.

#### *Day 4: A Toxic Atmosphere*

After a long day, Ms. Pac-Man came home only to find the doorknob rigged with explosives. Explosives painted with poison no less. Using gloves and a pair of tweezers, Ms. Pac-Man was able to remove the device only to discover a second bomb under the door. It was a clever ruse, but unsuccessful.

After having been blown up yesterday, it seems the mailroom was able to resume service. The assassin Frostbite received a peculiar package. He asked an accomplice to open it, while he dove behind a barrier. The accomplice dutifully complied, and Frostbite could only watch in horror as the explosion vaporized his loyal friend.

As Gray Again was carrying out a scouting mission, he was fired at from an open window. Though unharmed, the assassin had to retreat and vowed that this will only delay the gruesome death of his target.

The wanted criminal Asclepius finally met his end. Police now believe the Black Hat had made his way to Asclepius's residence and painted the doorknob with poison. When Asclepius opened his door, his body immediately went numb and soon enough he was no longer breathing.

There are reports of two more bombs being placed on a hitman's door, but they were successfully disarmed.

Though Hampfest itself was a safe zone, there was an air of tension as assassins eyed each other, wondering who would be out for their heads. Boris Snowday had his informants keep an eye on his target, SimWebb. When SimWebb left for home, he didn't notice Boris tailing him. The assassin took him from behind and slashed his throat open, leaving him to dye the snow piles a deep red.

#### *Day 5: Whittling Down the Ranks*

The assassins are back in full force. Several top killers lost their lives today, and the methods of killing are becoming much more gory.

Corrections: Yesterday, our newsletter reported that a contract killer had found and dismantled two explosive devices on his door. As it turned out, the second device was a battery trap and the hitman was electrocuted. We would like to express our regrets to the

now grieving family.

Late yesterday, the assassin Moonlight made a dangerous foray into a place that she knew to be the hideout of her assassin, the Reverend. She was spotted and attempted to escape. The Reverend fired at her, missing her three times. Run into a corner, Moonlight turned on her assassin and the two grappled in a close-range knife fight. Grievous wounds were dealt to both, and the Reverend was barely able to make the fatal strike. He then retreated to his hideout to recover from the fight.

A low-level killer was brutally stabbed shortly after midnight. The assassin had been sleeping on the carpet of an area known to be frequented by other killers, and woke up to find a dagger in his face.

It was a busy morning for the assassin Goggles, who laid out multiple traps for his target. Xsnida woke up in the morning to find his outer doorknob covered with poisonous slime. While attempting to clean it off, he activated a claymore near the floor and was shredded to pieces.

Goggles wasn't done yet. After doing investigative work, he guessed the identity of his assassin. Making his way to Yoshimi's hideout, Goggles placed identical traps on the experienced killer's door. Yoshimi didn't notice the tripwire and was killed instantly by the claymore, bringing an end to her career.

The assassin Bube Ruthless, formerly known as the Dorito, set out with an accomplice and an army's worth of explosives to take down the Magician once and for all. They made their way to the target's hideout and distributed restaurant menus to disguise their intentions. Before Babe Ruthless could place a poison-laced menu on his door, the Magician appeared. The team struck a conversation with the top killer. When the Magician dropped his guard, Babe Ruthless stabbed him in the back. The Magician slunk to the floor, dead. The assassin and accomplice quickly fled the scene.

Police have reported that a civilian's doorknob was poisoned earlier today. It seems an assassin had applied the poison and then removed it some hours later. The civilian is unharmed, and police are trying to determine why the assassin had thought to target her.

The bodies of two people were found around ASH today. The two, both known killers, were killed within minutes of each other and police suspect a secondary assassin called Hank Spencer. Spencer first encountered and stabbed Floral T in an empty hallway. While making his escape, he found the second victim outside the building. Spencer ran his knife through the victim's chest and dumped to body onto a snow pile.

Indoors, horrified civilians came upon Shahrayar's badly beaten body. The known killer was last seen alive in the library. Shahrayar was concerned about a person lurking nearby and left for his home. Some minutes later, he encountered the person and his suspicions were confirmed when the fellow produced a giant hammer. The assassin Boris Snowday smashed Shahrayar's face in with a brutal swing. He then delivered another heavy blow, shattering Shahrayar's ribs and lungs. Though the target was clearly dead, Snowday delighted in reducing the body to a bloody pulp.

*Day 6: Making All the Right Cuts*

The Reverend seems to be so paranoid that he won't even sleep in his room. And it paid off this morning, when he found not one, not two, but eight claymores waiting outside his door. I guess that assassin had some time.....to kill. Sorry, I won't do that again.

Barghest woke up this morning to find a tripwire set over his door. Despite his grogginess, he safely dismantled the wire.

It seems gloves have become trendy, especially with all the poisoned doorknobs that people have dealt with recently. Crystal Chaos noticed a venomous substance on her doorknob and safely removed it.

Boris Snowday was confounded to find a folder in his mailbox marked "evaluation". Being suspicious, and not seeing a sender's name, he threw it out. Some time later, a few of his friends noticed the folder in the trash and thought it may be important. The subsequent explosion shredded the friends and numerous other civilians to bits. Police now believe the folder to have been sent by Asclepius shortly before he was killed.

Floral T, now back in the business, attempted to get access to his victim's door earlier today. When the victim wouldn't answer, Floral T hid in a bathroom stall. His target came looking for him, and Floral T launched an anvil at him. The anvil missed, and Floral T retreated. The victim pursued with a meat cleaver, dodged a second anvil, and hacked into Floral T. Butchering the corpse to make an example, he was seen by a civilian and made his escape.

The hitman, now emboldened, embarked on his own assassination some minutes later. He knocked on a victim's door, who was then similarly butchered.

Later in the day, that same hitman received a knock on his door. Not waiting to be attacked again, he opened the door and threw a hatchet into the chest of his second would-be assassin. Not bad for a day's work.

Goggles's body was found today in a friend's room. Her assassin had determined her whereabouts and knocked on the door. Though she may have felt safe away from her known address, the assassin proved her wrong with multiple slashes to the throat. In her last moments, she used her blood to write the name of her vicious killer, "BORIS".

The Battle Nun felt uneasy today, and for good reason. His assassin, Artemis, was waiting around other people near his home. Not waiting to be attacked, the Battle Nun discreetly applied a poison sheet to his finger and casually touched Artemis's nose. Artemis, still waiting for an opportunity to get her target alone, began to feel a tingling sensation. This became a burning feeling, and soon Artemis fell to the ground, her mission unfulfilled.

Having almost died in the morning, Barghest was especially cautious. When a menu came to his door, he immediately threw it out with his gloves. This must be a really bad time for people who are actually distributing menus and fliers.

Around dinnertime, Gray Again spotted a careless contract killer walking around with a gun. Considering it a public service, he used his sonic headphones to blow open the killer's head. Cleaning crews are still trying to clean up all the brain matter.

Floral T, back from the dead, had a pretty bad day. Hunting for

his new target, he was instead ambushed by an enigmatic assassin called the Insufferable Prick. The Prick made short work of Floral T's spine and left him to bleed out on the cold ice.

*Day 7: On The Seventh Day G.O.D. Rested*

After midnight, this dude shot up another dude. But it was during the ceasefire time, so the other dude was actually quite fine.

A bit later, some guy put a bomb over this other dude's door. A good Samaritan took the bomb down for this other dude.

And...that was it.

*Day 8: Lazy Sunday*

For a second day, assassins seemed to sleep in and not bother going after their targets. If it continues like this, the G.O.D.s may take certain actions...

Shortly after midnight, Boris Snowday and Spartan 90210 found themselves sitting on a couch, discussing the finer points of life. When people nearby seemed to have their backs turned, Boris whipped out a wrist blade and lunged for Spartan. Just as he was being stabbed, Spartan lifted his gun and fired a shot that grazed Boris's head. With that exchange of attacks, the two assassins would have fallen dead in each other's pool blood. However, a nearby man had seen the commotion and hailed an ambulance for the combatants. Boris and the Spartan made for awkward roommates at the hospital as doctors stitched them back together. Now back on the street, the two of them may yet have their rematch.

The weekend is over, and perhaps the hunted assassins will no longer have the groups of people around them to keep them safe.

*Day 9: Saint Valentine's Day Massacre*

You know, I really wanted to use that subject title, but the day turned out to be quite calm. For most people at least.

Around noon, the assassin Echo was trying to catch a bit of sleep when she heard a knocking on the door. She ignored the knocking, which continued for some minutes. When she finally demanded to know who was outside the door, she realized that it was definitely a civilian. Even so, Echo had no doubts that the friend outside her door was taking instructions from an assassin. So why she opened the door, we may never know. But the moment she did, the Reverend unloaded a series of bullets into her face.

Later in the day, Babe Ruthless received an important looking letter in the mail. Regardless, the wary killer had a friend open the letters (these poor, poor friends). Immediately, a toxic spray engulfed the friend's face. The burning poison spread like fire, forcing blood through every pore of the body. Though the victim was burning from the inside, she locked eyes with Babe Ruthless and with one last breath shouted "Get that bastard, Babe Ruthless... goddammit I will be avenged!!!"

Well that was a lovely Valentine's Day. It seems that assassins are sticking to the safety of crowds, hoping that witnesses will save them in the event of an attack. With these witnesses in on the plan, the line between innocent bystander and accomplice is blurring fast. Thus, the G.O.D.s are issuing a slight modification of rules:

Assassins may now silence witnesses. If a target is traveling in a group with other people, an assassin may kill the target and up to two potential witnesses. Killing any more than that can get you

on the Wanted List (so don't go about massacring all of Saga). Be gentle on witnesses- they may have nothing to do with the Assassins game and might not appreciate a fake stabbing or shooting.

Of course, a witness who just happens to have a weapon can fight back. This does not change any other rules regarding witnesses and accomplices.

*Day 10: Still Too Peaceful*

These sorts of uneventful days are becoming a trend, one that the G.O.D.s do not approve of.

Incompetence Deadline: All assassins in the main game must make an attempt on their target this Friday or earlier. It doesn't matter if you're successful or not. Failure to do so will net you a place on the dreaded wanted list, where you will be hounded by assassins from the main and secondary games.

Yesterday, an assassin pinned a chocolate bar to the Reverend's door, and of course it was more than just a Valentine's Day expression of love. A curious, perhaps hungry, passerby noticed the candy bar and took it in their own hands. The poor fellow was engulfed in a cloud of anthrax and collapsed on the spot.

The hitman Kritz found his target in the presence of G.O.D. at Saga. The man, entranced by G.O.D.'s glorious visage, did not notice Kritz slide up to him. With a flick of his wrist, Kritz cut open the man's stomach, spilling the contents of his just-eaten lunch onto the floor.

And that's the news for today. Assassins, you have your targets, so get out there. You wouldn't want to test G.O.D.'s patience.

*Day 11: Fire in the Hole*

Slowly but surely, assassins are meeting their gruesome ends. Remember, anyone in the main game who hasn't made an attempt on their target by this Friday will be put on the wanted list.

Sometime yesterday, a known hitman was delighted to find a box of chocolates outside his door. Though he had strong suspicions about the treats, he could not resist the temptations of the caramel swirls. The poison instantly coursed through his arteries and his face dropped right into the cherry cordials. All in all, not a bad way to die.

The Insufferable Prick picked up some intelligence that his target was at the house of G.O.D., playing cards. For the second time, this target was cut open in front of a smiling G.O.D., his flowing blood offered as libation.

The assassin Kritz was enjoying some downtime at the bridge and was unaware that the Insufferable Prick had him in his sights too. Kritz wasn't his target, but the Prick thought he looked suspicious and thus cut open Kritz's belly when the cashier had moved away. Just to be sure, and to live up to his name, he removed the assassin's kidneys. Kritz lay on the ground fading out, seething that his own target had taken him out.

And holy crap something happened in the main game. Spartan 90210 was on the prowl for Barghest and just so happened to be hanging around the target's hall. Barghest was suspicious of the assassin's presence, and went to his room to offset his fears. The Spartan followed, and broke open the target's door. Inside, he found Barghest and the Reverend locked in a carnal embrace. What the

two of them were doing would put the kinkiest of lovers out there to shame. Unblinking, the Spartan threw a grenade into the room and made his escape. Barghest and the Reverend couldn't clear the room, and so they died, the scattered remnants of their bodies still clinging to each other.

Take the Spartan's lead, get out there and eliminate your target.

*Day 12: The Shrinking Roster*

Fewer and fewer assassins are making it through the day. These are dangerous times, but the fun doesn't have to stop.

Remember, all dead players are invited and very much welcome to join the secondary dead games! They're a bit more relaxed than the main game, and I'm kinda running out of people to assign as targets. Give it a try, maybe you can still make an assassin of yourself!

Deadline Reminder: For people in the main game- you must make an attempt on your target tomorrow if you haven't already done so this week. Failing to do so will anger your employers and have you placed on the wanted list.

Ceasefire Reminder: Tomorrow, there are two ceasefire times, 6:30 PM - 7:30 PM, and from 11:30 PM - 12:30 AM. This is for Asian Media, which you should all go to.

Well the game is finally getting a bit exciting again. Boris Snowday was preparing for a duel to settle the score with his target. Unfortunately, the thoughts of the upcoming battle so occupied his mind that he didn't realize people were poisoning doorknobs again. The searing venom seeped into his hand and immediately ravaged the assassin's body. Boris fell to the ground, his body contorting itself into a twisted heap of flesh and bone. An autopsy revealed the poison to be a signature concoction of the Black Hat.

And for something extra odd- a kill from beyond the grave. Ms. Pac-Man picked up her mail today for the first time in a month. Among the junk was an official-looking letter concerning financial services. She opened the letter and was immediately hit with a cloud of anthrax spores. And this was a mean anthrax that didn't waste its time in breaking down her lungs. All of this was to the confusion of Ms. Pac-Man's assassin. Investigators now believe the letter had been sent by a prior assassin, the Magician, a long time ago.

For all you lazy dead people still reading this crap, get out there and back into the game!

*Day 13: Making the Deadline*

Alright, the deadline has come and all assassins have made an attempt and are thus safe from the wanted list.

I never thought I'd hear this, but some people have complained that assassins have been deceiving other people. That's....kind of what assassins do. They deceive you. Not because they hate someone, but because they are obligated to kill that person. There's some perverse notion going around that assassins have to be honorable in their killings. Isn't that silly, to think there's honor in how we decide to assassinate each other? Dying with honor, sure, that's something, but murdering with honor is nonsensical. Do your job efficiently, and make sure the witnesses can't pin the blame on you.

NEW DEADLINE: All assassins in the main game must make

an attempt on their target on Wednesday or earlier.

Yesterday, as most people were enjoying their meals at Saga, the Insufferable Prick decided he'd prefer to catch his own prey. He stalked his target and started up a conversation with her. Then, as a large group was passing by oblivious to the two, the Prick showed his true intentions and sunk a knife deep into his friend. The victim fell to his knees, his stomach erupting before her. First responders thought she'd just eaten too much Saga food (har har har). The Prick made his escape, but later discovered that a witness had seen him attack the victim, displeasing his employers.

Early in the morning, the Black Hat was almost ready to call it a day, when a freind noticed a strange object on his bed. Upon closer inspection, he realized it was a scented poison pad that would have killed him over the course of the night. Fortunately, having found it in time, he was able to dispose of the offending object.

Frostbite found a suspicious substance slathered onto his door. Not taking chances, he covered his hands and cleaned up the deadly toxin.

Babe Ruthless found and dismantled a landmine under her door, as well as poison on the doorknob. So many valuable toxins going to waste on these doorknobs...

Later in the day, the Battle Nun announced her retirement from the killing business. She stressed that she wanted to focus more on her academics, spend more time with her family, and devote more time to her dream of pogo-sticking up Mt. Everest.

We're inching closer and closer to the finale. Only one assassin can remain standing in the end. Not even the G.O.D.s above can predict who will be the one to make the final kill.

*Day 15: Second Weekend*

The second weekend has been quite uneventful. We're going to the third week of the game, and not many people remain.

Remember, players in the main game must make an attempt on their target within the next three days.

Police have now reported an incident that happened a few days ago, when a hitman sniped a victim using a blowgun.

The Korean-Italian Mob thought he'd be clever by transferring his soul to his beloved hat. Although other players fell for his ruse and chased him around FPH to the tune of Yakety Sax, the Insufferable Prick was not tricked. He calmly walked up to the mafioso's hat and cut it to shreds with his knife.

The next day, the Insufferable Prick and Mr. Teatime were enjoying themselves playing Marvel vs. Capcom 3. Secretly, Mr. Teatime was conceiving a plot to assassinate his target, the Prick. His drive to kill was no doubt inflated by the Prick's constant hadouken spamming. Though he lost the game, Mr. Teatime took comfort in the fact that he would soon be standing triumphantly over his opponent's corpse. That is, until he noticed the grenade that the Prick had left on his lap. With a controller still in his hand, Mr. Teatime could not leap away from the pineapple surprise in time.

C'mon guys, don't let all the stories revolve around some guy named the Insufferable Prick.

*Day 16: The Odd Rituals of Killing*

'Tis Monday, and I'm pleased to be getting some very unusual,

stylish reports.

First, police have now released a toxicology report for a dead body that was found several days ago. Investigators now believe that the hitman was forced a poisoned mushroom by his assassin, who is presumed to be the one called Kritz. (Hopefully, there aren't any other killings I forgot to report...)

Now here's a first. Before today, all killings have been confined to Hampshire, but we now have reports of a grisly murder happening off campus. A student at Mt. Holyoke picked up an innocuous pizza menu outside her door that was actually tied to a bomb. The blast blew a hole through the door and blasted the girl inside, shredding her legs off in the process. The menu landed beside her, and with her last ounce of strength, she looked inside only to be sprayed in the face with a neurotoxin. Nearby survivors report the girl's last words as being "I've always loved you, Haro." Despite the overkill nature of the crime, investigators now believe that the student was not the intended target and instead took a bomb that was meant for her roommate. The roommate, known in the killer's business as Lombre, is now busy fortifying the door.

And now we have the most bizarre killing of the game thus far. A gentleman assassin stalked his target to the bathroom where she was washing up. Not wanting to kill an innocent, he asked the target her name which alarmed her. Reaching for his gun, he announced his obligation to kill her but the would-be victim was able to flee to her room. The assassin pursued and then prepared to breach the room. However, he couldn't have seen what was coming next. The target opened the door, and with wand in hand, she cast the Imperius curse. The assassin lost his will and was brought inside the target's room. There, the target and a crazed accomplice sacrificed the killer in an occult ritual to appease the bloodthirsty G.O.D.s.

And indeed the G.O.D.s are bloodthirsty, and We are never quite satisfied. The assassins in the main game are running out of time to make their attempts. After Wednesday, they will know Our lack of mercy.

Alright alright, I'll get off the power trip now.

*Day 17: Let Them Eat Cake*

So, the roster is dwindling down to a select few. Some of those select few may find themselves on the wanted list if they don't make an attempt on their target tomorrow.

Now here's a lesson for all of you. Spartan 90210 had been scouting for an assassination mission when he was sidetracked by rumors about a city where the streets were paved with cake. Though he found the fabled mod, the (somewhat) delicious cakes were still being prepared. Being impatient, and feeling obligated to go to his fencing lessons, the Spartan left with the promise that he would return. Unfortunately for him, the Black Hat was waiting outside the RCC. The Black Hat slashed at the Spartan and missed. Though the Spartan had been anticipating an ambush, he was bogged down by his fencing equipment. Thus, he couldn't dodge when his assassin threw the knife into his chest. The Spartan sank down to the snow and ice, his last thoughts filled with rue for the cake that he will never eat.

Well I thought it was heartbreaking, but in the end there can only be one top assassin, one killer left alive.

For those of you in the secondary game- keep going at it! When only a few people are left in the main game, we will be shutting down the secondary game. This may happen within the next few days, so use the time that you have.

*Day 18: All the Brutality*

Life is fleeting, especially if you're unfortunate enough to be friends with an assassin. The collateral damage is racking up.

Police now believe that a civilian who spontaneously exploded a few days ago had actually triggered a mine placed inside her boot. The mine was likely intended for her roommate.

Earlier today, Frostbite spotted the tell-tale signs of poison on his doorknob. Not having any gloves on him, he asked a friend with gloves to remove the poison for him. To the assassin's horror, his friend took off his gloves in a show of bravado and then smeared off the poison. Within seconds, the poor fool fell to the floor, violently convulsing as his organs raced to be the first ones out of his throat and onto the carpet. A few minutes later, an intern came for hall inspections and marked the hall for numerous violations.

After dinnertime, police reported to a grisly murder scene. Two people lay on the pavement with their heads split open by an axe. Investigators identified one of the deceased as a known contract killer, and believe the other one was silenced by the axe-wielding murderer.

Karma can be a real bitch sometimes. An assassin on the prowl made her way to the Skull Cave, the known hideout for her target. She entered the room on the pretense of discussing a public safety violation but did not find her assassin. Instead, she found a man that she sacrificed in a satanic ritual a few days ago. Realizing that she was in immense danger, she fled the cave but was pursued by the specter. The formerly dead man fired twice with a poison-dart blowgun, bringing the assassin to the floor. There were a few civilians at the scene, all baffled by the assassin's gestures as the poison invaded her bloodstream.

Remember kids, partake in occult human sacrifice rituals carefully, or the souls of the deceased may come after you (from first hand experience, it's a real nuisance).

*Day 19: The Assassin's Trials*

Strange happenings are afoot. Old champions are testing the new blood, probing their weaknesses and making unfavorable character judgments.

New Deadline: Assassins! Make an attempt on your target Sunday or earlier! Otherwise, the wanted list is always looking for new victims.

Crystal Chaos had a bad morning. Having been put on the wanted list, she should have anticipated attacks coming. Her renegade streak didn't last long when she opened the door and tripped a claymore that blasted her to shreds. Forensic investigators were puzzled to trace the device back to the long-dead assassin known as The Magic. Crystal Chaos had apparently angered her employers, and they saw to her unfortunate elimination.

In the very early morning, a wanderer noticed a series of ex-

plosive devices placed on the Black Hat's door. Determined to do his civic duty, the fellow procured a blast-proof condom (an essential part of any EOD worker's kit) and carefully dismantled the various explosives. He then hung the condom on the Black Hat's door as a friendly warning.

Later in the day, Jordan Persson decided it was time to test the mettle of these kids vying to be the top assassin. He separately stalked Babe Ruthless and the Black Hat, and used a powerful sonic keyboard against them. The keyboard was non-lethal, but barely so. A person walking by the Black Hat was not so lucky when her eardrums ruptured and her brain combusted from the sonic assault. Though the assassins survived, hopefully they'll take a lesson from the old champ and be better prepared to fight back.

The drama, the intrigue, it's all been building up to this! In the end, only one can remain alive!

*Day 21: The Most Eventful Day*

Yeah right.

I got nothing to report.

Nothing.

Instead, I'm gonna tell you my recipe on making killer Reubens.

Ah, I'm too lazy for that. Assassins, you must make an attempt on your target tomorrow, or face the consequences!

*Day 23: The Can Be Only One*

We're fast approaching the decisive moment that will decide who is the top assassin, the last man standing. The remaining assassins have walked a path littered with the corpses of those less fortunate. For weeks, they've lived in paranoia, doubtful even of those closest to them. It will all pay off soon.

Late last night, one of the local hitmen returned home from a weekend off-campus. She noticed a sign on her door left by a Good Samaritan, indicating that an explosive device had been removed from the door.

The assassin Blue found herself on the wanted list for a short while. She had secluded herself in her personal fortress, fearing that the hounds were after her, not to mention all the Div 3 she had. However, the sound of a mysteriously melodious yet too-sharp saxophone drew her from her protective hideout. Her fate was sealed when she tried to open the door of the neighboring house. The legendary killer Gray Again was by the door and plunged a knife into her gut, letting her bleed on the outside steps. With her vision fading and voice failing, Blue could only hear the noises of the Gray agent cutting into her skin to peel off some trophies. Within seconds, another assassin, the Insufferable Prick, came to the scene and partook in the hedonistic desecration of the old killer's body.

Later, a hitman infiltrated the hideout of his target. When a potential witness walked by, the killer bashed their skull in with a giant hammer. The assassin then sprayed his victim's door with tear gas and flammable oil to draw him out. Though the victim had a gas mask, he knew he would not be able to endure the flames. So he dived out of the hideout with knife in hand, ready to face his enemy. Though his spirit was strong, the victim could not close the gap before the hammer crushed his neck and left him on the floor, broken. As the flamers spread, the assassin Floral T walked away

nonchalantly.

In the evening, the Black Hat hatched a plot to eliminate his target. He assembled his team of accomplices and they all dressed in their finest suits. Knowing that Frostbite would be leaving the RCC from a karate class, the Black Hat dispersed his accomplices to cover all the possible exits while he waited outside in the shadows. Frostbite did leave, and the two accomplices flanked him and made small talk. Though Frostbite noted their odd dress, he was taken in by their compliments and started boasting about how he has survived for such a long time. Unfortunately, as he rounded a dark corner back to his hideout, the Black Hat revealed himself and dove in with a knife. As his teammates kept watch, the Black Hat carved into Frostbite and drew the life from him. The assassins and his gang then dispersed themselves into the shadows before anyone could see them.

So many have died, so few remain. Not even the G.O.D.s can predict how this will end.

At this point the dead game is closed.

*Day 24: Finale*

Though the sunlight glimmered off the icy snowbanks, the air remained cold. It was in this setting that the Black Hat assembled his team. Over the past weeks, he has raided the morgue and retrieved the bodies of fallen assassins. Having resuscitated them, they now swear allegiance to him. An exceptionally well-dressed group of killers, they are the Black Hat Syndicate that strikes fear into the hearts of citizens everywhere. But before they could rise to the pedestal of true infamy, there was one last job left to be done.

Babe Ruthless has her own history. She has seen the anguish on the faces of those she's killed. She has seen the last moments of panic of close friends who died to protect her, and she has grown cold to the violence of these past weeks. As Babe Ruthless walked into the RCC today, she must have caught the scent in the air of a killer approaching.

The Black Hat and his disciple Orpheus had seen her walk towards the building. They stalked her from a distance and waited for her to go to a secluded spot. The opportunity came when Babe Ruthless went to the bathroom. As she washed her hands, the outer door opened and the two men entered. With no place to retreat, she instantly knew this would be the final fight, the moment that all the killings thus far have been building up to. She drew out her knife. The Black Hat and Orpheus retrieved theirs.

At first there was silence. Even the G.O.D.s would have held their breaths. Had someone else been there, they would likely have noted that a bathroom isn't the most poignant place for a climactic engagement. But the dim lights and the menacing reflections off the mirror, not to mention the murderous aura of all the killers, would have terrified any witness. The combatants stood their ground. Yet stillness met with stillness can not kill, and so Babe Ruthless lunged out, bringing with her charge all the hearts, bones, and dreams that she has seen shattered. The Black Hat braced himself for whatever fate may come to him and met the charge with his own attack.

All the professionalism and the cold, calculating minds were nowhere to be seen as the two grappled in a desperate and violent match. Each brought their knife forward, and each propelled

the other back. Death lied in the space between, shifting one way and then the other, but never decisive. The knives were so close, yet so far from the hearts of their targets. The assassins were now warriors, pushing against their enemies with all their might and hatred. Until now, Orpheus had kept watch above them. The assassins would not shift their eyes from each other, but each called out to the third man.

"What are you waiting for? Finish her!"

"Don't listen to him! You don't have to be shackled to him!"

In times past, Orpheus had effortlessly used his blade to slit the throats of others, but now his hand trembled.

"Fool, she's trying to trick you! You are my accomplice, you will listen to ME!"

"No, you can work for me! Just kill him right now, and we'll be the ones to win this!"

Orpheus hesitated. His mind was racing, and balancing the loyalties he held. He saw before him the two most skilled and fortunate assassins, yet at this moment they were both so completely helpless. Neither of the two could overpower the other's will to kill, they could only meet it and keep their own death at bay. Orpheus knew that his hand would have to tip the balance.

Clenching his knife in his fist, raising his fist with a motion of his arm, bringing the arm back with the shifting of his shoulders, Orpheus moved as a god ready to bring bloody judgment down upon his enemies. The power was in him now as he brought his hand downwards in a swift and violent blow. His knife broke through Babe Ruthless's skin, it breached the muscles and weaved through the bones to sink into the softness of her organs. For a moment, he let the knife lie. The Babe felt the blow and in this instant knew her fate. But so long as life was in her, she would not release the grip on the Black Hat, she would not budge an inch to the killer. And so cold-hearted, man-killing Orpheus drew his knife out and with it he released Babe's life and spirit to dissipate into the blood-misted air. Babe Ruthless sat on her knees, defiant to the very end, but with her life now sapped away she slumped over onto the red tiled floor.

Orpheus stood over the body, speechless. But all were was not silent. The Black Hat was breathing heavily, well and alive but exhausted. Having expended his strength, he could not bring himself off the floor, nor could he move the knife entrenched in his hand. Orpheus moved to stand over his employer with his own blade hanging perilously in the air above. The Black Hat met his uncertain gaze.

"You.....you wouldn't dare." Orpheus did not respond. He only looked at the man before him, sprawled on the floor and utterly helpless. Orpheus raised his weapon and then placed it on the sink. He then extended his hand out.

"No, you're still the boss." With Orpheus's help, the Black Hat rose to his legs and supported himself on the bathroom sink. The Black Hat raised his head and looked at the mirror. His face was red with his blood rushing within and another's caked on the surface.

"Yes, I'm the boss. But we pulled this off, we finished it." Back on his feet, the Black Hat moved to the door that Orpheus held open for him. They walked out of the RCC nonchalantly, as if the

blood on their suits had been from an accident. Throngs of people moved around them, but none could summon the courage to look into the faces of the killers. Only the sun could glare at them, and in the light they had a harsh but magnificent glow. Under this sun, the Black Hat and his syndicate ruled supreme.

### Additional Information

After 24 days and dozens of murders, it's time to bring the game to a close. I want to thank everyone who played, and those who pretended to play, and made this game so damn awesome. You have all been wonderful, and Jonah and I have created a bunch of rewards with cheesy titles to give recognition to a bunch of you.

#### Main Game Results

Guillaume Sparrow-Pepin, as the last man standing, is indeed the Top Assassin. He is the official winner of the Spring 2011 Assassins Game!

With five kills on his belt, Guillaume Sparrow-Pepin has also been the most bloody player of the main game, and thus we're also giving him the Overkiller award!

Jade Lovett was the final victim and the runner-up, and as such is the Second Assassin!

As the accomplice who delivered the final strike, Sam Halote has won the Final Blow award! In addition, we're giving him the Screw-Up award for botching a kill on Guillaume early on that would have monumentally changed the course of this game.

#### Dead Game Results

With 12 points, Ian Campbell has emerged the winner of the secondary game. He is the Gravemaster, and additionally the Lord of Four Cheeses for talking in Italian to his victims as they died. Also, for seeing past Zachary Clemente's soul-redirecting trick, Ian is the official G.O.D. slayer. Ian was also never killed throughout the game, but I'm tired of giving him titles.

David Nishball was close in on second place with 10 points. He got the most kills of anyone in the secondary game and as such as won the Killing Spree award. Though he has earned his praise, David Nishball also has the dubious Dead award for being the unfortunate fellow to die first in the main game. Well, someone had to do it.

Zoe Getman-Pickering wins third place in the secondary game! With the most points per kill, she wins the Stylish award. She also gets the Cultist award for having taken control of an assassin's mind and sacrificing them to G.O.D. She also deserves recognition for being the only person to make an attack outside of Hampshire campus!

#### Other Awards

Zach Apony got both the first direct and indirect kills in the game, and as such he is both the Brutalizer and the Crafty. Also worth mentioning is the posthumous kill that he got! The guy has his methods.

As the first person to land on the wanted list, Julie Dellavilla is getting our Reckless award.

For being on the wanted list for four days before meeting his end, Raphael Sherak wins the Survivor award.

For lying to her target, then killing him under the guise of pro-

viding friendship, and for breaking a truce with her next target (as we dictated), Katherine Roman wins the Queen of Deceit award.

For having the most brutal kill, made with multiple strikes from a giant war hammer, Tim Carroll wins the Captain Hammer award!

Dana Mendes wins the Sniper award for being able to make a direct kill on a target from over fifty feet away!

Zach Parker managed to kill two assassins with a single grenade and as such wins the Two (Love) Birds With One Stone award!

Jess Stephens was able to poison two people with boxes of tasty yet deceitful chocolate, and thus wins the Chocolatier award.

Claire Oberholtzer had an impressive showing, making it to fourth place. She was the only Div III student taking part in the game, and for finding herself rid of all her obligations at the bitter end, she wins the Div Free award.

### The Best Kills

This here will list some of the best kills/attempts of the 2011 Spring game and the descriptions sent in regarding them. If you think there is an email that deserves this recognition, resend it so we can find it and evaluate it.

#### Winner of the "Cultist" Award

I was in the powder room consulting my magic mirror about my level of beauty when i heard the door slowly creek open. I dropped my powder puff into the sink and turned as a feeling of dread washed over me. A tall blond Adonis entered. I knew him not and yet he called me by name. My knees began to shake as i sensed impending doom. When he reached into his coat i thought i saw the barrel of a colt revolver tucked into his belt. My fight or flight instinct kicked in. Did i fight for my life like a mad woman? my courage failed me and i fled the empty bathroom to the room of my accomplice Emily the Insane. Luckily my wand and one of my knives were being stored there, serving a more ornamental purpose. After a few moments my accomplice and I opened the door weapons at the ready. I used my wand to place him under the imperious curse thus making his will my own. Thus controlled he entered the room and lay upon the bed. I had failed my GOD once before and my life had been forfeit. He saw fit to give me the chance of life once more and for that i owe him my eternal gratitude. My GOD demands blood and blood he shall have aplenty. Though bereft of the dark masks and robes i had hoped to use on a previous sacrifice, my accomplice and i chanted dark prayers in Latin over his supine body. Emily the Insane with maniacal laughter, made small cuts along his ribs so that ribbons of dark rich blood soaked into the covers bellow. After finishing the chant I used the knife to carve open his chest and pull out his still beating heart. this heart and the blood that was spilled was burned in an offering to GOD. I hope he is pleased with his loyal minion.

#### Winner of the "Div Free" Award

Upon picking up my mail this fine afternoon, I noticed that I had received what appeared to be a very belated Christmas card. Intrigued, I brought the envelope home with me, not knowing that by doing so I courted death. I mentioned this card and its impressively aesthetic use of snowman stickers to one of my many min-

ions as I entered my domicile, and we resolved to discover its contents together. My hand was upon the seal itself when suddenly, a suspicion formed in my mind. "Minion," said I, "open this letter for me, will you?" Ever loyal, she agreed, and I exited the room expeditiously. From behind me came an exclamation, "Oh, cute! Glitter!" and then an explosion which rocked the house. When the smoke cleared my minion was no more but I, praise be to the G.O.D.s, was spared. I will mourn her passing, but I live to kill another day.

### Players and Identities

David Nishball "Buff Banner"  
Nathan Whitmore "Mudkipz"  
Hayley Jones "Agent Spiff"  
Matthew Meneghini "Tudhaliya the Fifth"  
Julie Dellavilla "Emcee Awesome"  
Daniel Lumsden "Mr. Marley"  
Whitney Schuster "Mr. Shiver"  
Bennett Hartnett "Alexander Winter"  
Dana Mendes "The Magic" (Twice!)  
Devin Morse "Quantum Mindfuck"  
JB Friedlander "Captain Expendable"  
Justin Johnson "Black Sheep"  
Walker Staples "Knifebeard the Gnome"  
Elijah Brice-Middleton "Lucky Charms"  
Fiona Stewart-Taylor "John Wilkes Bamf"  
Dan Homer "Arsassin"  
Greg Larsen "Holden Caulfield"  
Stefan Terry "King of Names"  
Sam Halote "Orpheus"  
Cristina D'Ancona "Gambit"  
Micah Savitzky "h4nDy \$m!Rf"  
Rachel Keeney "Lethal Lamb"  
Robin Rainwalker "The Silent Knife"  
Raphael Sherak "Asclepius"  
Jonah Siegal-Warren "SimWebb"  
Allison Cleary "Moonlight"  
Christian Hall "XSNIDA"  
Grace Rosen "Yoshimi"  
Zach Apony "The Magician"  
David Warshow "Floral T"  
Alex Vercoutere "Shahrayar"  
Rachel Creemers "Goggles"  
Zoe Getman-Pickering "Artemis"  
Rachel Ithen "Echo"  
Patrick Skarupa "Barghest"  
Lauren Fraser "The Reverend"  
Tim Carroll "Boris Snowday"  
Monique Jacques "Ms. Pac-Man"  
Panda "Mr. Teatime"  
Zach Parker "Spartan 90210"  
Rebecca Wefald "Crystal Chaos"  
Claire Oberholtzer "Blue"  
Derek Haley "Frostbite"  
Kat Roman "Battle Nun"

Jade Lovett “Babe Ruthless” (Formerly known as “The Dorito”)  
Guillaume Sparrow-Pepin “Black Hat”

### Kills (Primary Game)

Black Hat: 5  
The Magician: 4  
Yoshimi: 3  
Goggles: 3  
Reverend: 3  
Boris Snowday: 3  
Arssassin: 2  
Battle Nun: 2  
Babe Ruthless: 1  
Emcee Awesome: 1  
John Wilkes BAMF: 1  
Orpheus: 1  
Holden Caufield: 1  
Barghest: 1  
Asclepius: 1  
Knifebeard the Gnome: 1  
Shahrayar: 1  
Silent Knife: 1  
h4nDy \$m!Rf: 1  
Echo: 1  
Spartan 90210: 1  
The Magic: 1

### Kills (Secondary Game)

Kills for the secondary game have been rated following a number of criteria. They will be listed by their primary game name unless they were secondary only. Kills were given 1 point for being successful, 1 for having no witnesses and 1 for being awesome. One kill was given four points for being ridiculously awesome. These kills will be reported in the following format, Name: Kills (Points[avg])(bulleted: special kills).

Arssassin: 1 (2[2])

Insufferable Prick: 5 (12[2.4])

Assassins Creed Style Kill: Stabbed his enemy in the kidney and softly lowered him to the ground, muttering something in Italian ending with “Quatro Fromage”.

Grenade in Lap: After playing some hearty Marvel vs. Capcom 3, he tossed a grenade into his assassins lap and left.

The Magic: 2 (5[2.5])

Used a blowgun to kill an enemy from a great distance.

Holden Caufield: 4 (6[2.5])

Buff Banner: 6 (10[1.667])

Lombre: 2 (5 [2.5])

Sent chocolate to two targets, both targets ate it and the poison included.

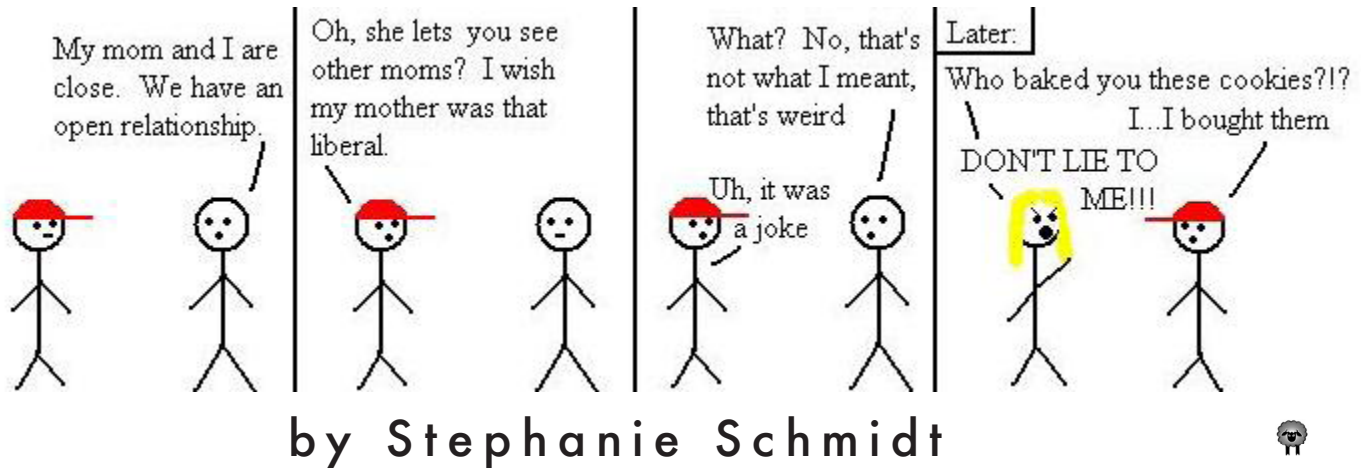
Floral T: 1 (2 [2])

Artemis: 1 (4[4])

Mind controlled her assassin and sacrificed him to the

G.O.D.s 

# SECTION LIES



## Robot Butler

by Fiona Stewart-Taylor

Behind me was a whirring, punctuated by the sound of cold, mechanical impact against a hardwood floor. That clanking could mean but one thing. I was in more danger than I had imagined. That my own kitchen would become the scene of my death was hardly conceivable, and yet here I was. I steeled myself to bolt through the limited cover of the dining room table into the white, open, fluorescent lit kitchen, whose very openness had once seemed an attractive feature, an incentive to purchase the place. I was no hand at cooking myself, but I knew that waitstaff could be procured.

The whirring grew nearer, the clanking softer as those four metallic feet were cushioned by the knotted

rug that lay just before the entrance to my refuge. Less than fifty feet away now, and the legs of the upholstered chair beneath which I huddled would become a cage, as my pursuers would smash through the china hutch and through each chair down the length of the long, formal table, until it found me.

Spurred by the image of my transformation from man of the house to diced meat, I gathered the last of my strength, supplemented it with my newfound adrenal terror, and ran into the kitchen. Halfway to the door. Another ten feet ahead of me, and my knees gave out. I lay my face against the cool, stainless metal of the refrigerator, and gasped. The splintering of an-



omen submission box

put something in here then give it to us to publish



tique chairs reminded me of my still imminent peril, but I could not move any further. Rising to my knees, I grabbed the only defense which made itself available, a heavy wooden cutting board left ready on the counter, a result of the absolute dedication and constant preparedness of my butler and head chef.

The tread echoed on linoleum now, and they approached, through the swinging kitchen door and closer. I could see their terrible raiments, the cloth across the butler's bent arm, the knife glinting in the hand of my chef and reflected in his deferent, steel face. I raised my improvised shield to block out their terrible, ball-jointed figures, wrapped in waist coats and mocking the human form.

"Master-it-is-time-for-dinner."

"Master-let-me-prepare-you-the-meal."

"Master-it-is-time-for-dinner."

"Sir-it-is-time-for-dinner."

Their voices were as full of programmed cordiality and as lacking in emphasis as when they had a hundred times before brought me a cigar or cutlet in my study. No outward twitch or mechanical error relayed their absolute malfunction. My legs would still not support

me, and so I scurried like vermin along the floor, another few precious inches, until my back was against the supporting cabinets where were kept the enormous pots for the making of stew.

"Master-I-must-dress-you-for-the-meal."

"Sir-you-must-be-dressed-for-dinner."

The tiny fraction of energy left to me tensed in my arms, as the two servitors rounded the corner and advanced towards me. Still I made myself wait. Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes. Closer. The chef leaned in, sizing me up, I knew, to decide the most efficient cut. I sprang forward, smashing as hard as I could into his torso, ramming against him with all my strength and all of my weight.

"Master-there-you-are." The butler bent down and lifted me by the arms, holding me with the absolute strength and precision attainable only by the machine, the same almost delicate brutality with which he would bring up crates of wine from the cellar without breaking a single bottle, a perfect sommelier. I struggled, and still he held on, and my arms began to bruise. On advanced the chef, cocking his head like a parrot, examining me from either eye. And then I knew nothing.



# SECTION HATE

## **"Bitch Deserved It?"**

by Crystal Hope Garrity

It's February 25, a Friday evening, at 5:00. Saga has just opened, so things are pretty quiet still. I get my meal, pasta, as usual. I sit down and wait for my friend to show up.

Now, along comes this group of people, and they sit at the table next to mine. I don't really know any of them, but I know OF them. They are notorious among my friends and I for being loud and a little weird. We even have nicknames for them, ranging from Mohawk to Token Girl to Tank Top Guy, because we see them all the time but don't know of their real names. I suppose it's better that I don't know their names, because otherwise I'd have to call them out directly.

ANYWAY.

So, I'm just sitting there, all by myself, and this crew walks over. They're in the middle of a conversation, talking pretty loudly. At first, I don't really pay them any mind. Then I overhear one of them say "Bitch deserved it." My curiosity, of course, snaps to attention. Who is this "bitch" and what did she get that she "deserved?" I just kind of sit there, nonchalantly listening in. This guy repeats the phrase "Bitch deserved it" a few more times to emphasize his point, then walks away to go get more food. Meanwhile, his other friends keep talking for a minute. There's quite a few of them, all guys except for Token Girl, who is paying attention to them but not contributing to the conversation. They're all talking at once, and I can't make heads or tails of what they're saying. I decide that I don't care very much. Then I hear one of them say, fairly clearly, "Plus, it's not rape if she wanted sex." And before I can even think of how to respond, most of them get up to go get more food, and when they return, the topic of conversation has changed.

Hold up. Excuse me. EXCUSE ME. What did they

just say? Did they just say that a girl was raped and that she DESERVED it? Hampshire, we have a problem.

I am appalled, disgusted, and offended. This conversation took place on Hampshire campus, between Hampshire students, only two days after an open discussion about the offensive lyrics written by "The Feminists" and the day before a large group of Hampshire students, including myself, were travelling to New York City for a rally to protect women's rights. Hampshire is supposed to be an open and respectful campus that holds no discrimination against ANYBODY, no matter their gender, sex, race, religion, political views, or lifestyle choices. There are SOOO many problems with this conversation. And I have some things to say to the students who took part in it.

First of all, it is COMPLETELY disrespectful to refer to any woman as a bitch. And yes, I realize that our society condones it and that even I occasionally use it. But that by no means makes it okay.

Secondly, NOBODY deserves to be raped. Ever. EVER. I don't care if you were discussing a friend, an enemy, a celebrity, a movie or book character, or a porn star. NOBODY DESERVES TO BE RAPED. I think you are all a bunch of totally disgusting human beings and I despise you, and some people might even claim that you deserved to be raped because you, for some reason, think it's okay for some people to get raped. But I disagree; NOBODY deserves that. Not even scumbags like you. That is a personal violation of the most intimate kind and anybody who has been raped will tell you that it is the worst feeling in the world to know that someone disrespected you, your feelings, and your body in that way.

Thirdly, keep your ignorance to yourself. You were

speaking so loudly that anybody within fifteen feet could have heard you. That includes people at other tables and at the salad bar, even the Saga workers that walk back and forth from the salad bar to the kitchen. Any one of those people could be victims of rape or sexual assault. You could have deeply hurt them, brought up bad memories, made them feel at fault for their abuse. Rape victims have hard enough lives as it is without people like you going around talking about how some girl was raped and “Bitch deserved it.”

Fourthly, I don’t know the situation, but I can PROMISE you that this rape victim that you’re calling a bitch did not deserve rape or want to have sex, otherwise she wouldn’t be calling it rape. Maybe she started to say yes but changed her mind; that’s still rape. Maybe she was under the influence of some substance; that’s still rape. Maybe she was mentally unstable; that’s still rape. Maybe she gave all the wrong signals and gave her rapist the wrong idea; that’s still rape. If she felt violated, that IS rape, no matter how things went down.

And finally, Token Girl, how could you? How could you sit there and not say anything? I’m STILL kicking myself for not speaking up myself and telling those guys off. I mean, yes, they are your friends, and I’m sure you love them dearly, and I’m sure it’s hard to be the only woman in a group of six or seven men. But honey, have some respect for yourself. Think about it; if you were in the position of the rape victim they were referring to, would you want a fellow woman to sit idly while they called you a bitch and talked about how you deserved to be violated? I’ve met you once or twice. You’re a very sweet girl. I know you’ve got a brain and a heart. Use them, and speak up next time they say stuff like that. I know I will if I ever get the opportunity.

Hampshire students, I ask you to stand up to this ignorance and disrespect. These guys need a reality check.



*\*Note:*

*The Omen editorship would like to make it clear that although we know the previous submission is not hateful, it follows the (rough) guidelines for pieces we normally place in “Section: Hate.” (Passionate, possibly ranting, delivered with force, or on a potentially controversial topic with little to no concessions for political correctness)*

**The Omen would like to clarify: In Vol. 36, Issue 1 we published a link to a blog. We would like to make it clear we made this choice – it was not an inclusion requested by the author of this blog.**

# ENFIELD QUAD

~ HOURS ~  
M-TH 12-10  
F-SU 12-6

~ MEETINGS~  
SUNDAY @ 6:30

# X6699

# More Shit That Shouldn't Publish

by Dae Jin Yuk

Yes Dear Omen,

It's that time again, when big men in trenchcoats leap out from your monitor and test the elastic limits of your anus. Fuck Edison.

Which reminds me, that the bukkake is probably not happening under water per se, but that's a pretty good connection.

With that said...

Dear Will,

Since it seems that Sgt. Anthony's status as a war criminal or his association with them is still an open question for you, let me take the step that the SJP unfortunately didn't (at least in the letters) and quote a kid from Oberlin who recently had the Sarge over for a little talk:

"The use of white phosphorous is a testament to Israel's humanity.' He went on to explain that white phosphorus was used only for illumination and smokescreen purposes. This is simply false. Human Rights Watch, The Red Cross, Amnesty International and the United Nations have all reported on the use of white phosphorous as a weapon against civilians during the Israeli invasion of the Gaza Strip. This comment was clearly defending a war crime, for the use of white phosphorous against civilians is forbidden by the Geneva Convention."

If you'd like to hear more SJP reasoning on why he is associated with war criminals, you can also watch the video here: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E8UOQJGC1Zg>

Some might argue that being a Sgt. in the IDF itself is participating in criminal activity, e.g. 9 Palestinians under 18 were killed out of a total 81 last year, as compared with 0 Israelis under 18 out of a total 8.

If there's anything else you're curious about, I'm

right here with a laptop and Google.

Betta not be disgusted,  
Dae Jin

Dear Devin,

You live on my hall, so obviously this is the most direct mode of communications that I could conceive of.

First things first. Being at layout in no way excuses whatever you publish, much like sending something in at 4 in the morning. If you're going to write it, stick by it.

Second things second. To join a discussion by announcing yourself as "someone who doesn't really know as much about the Israel-Palestine issue as [you'd] like to" without asking a single question is quite unfortunate. Please understand that you are jumping into a medieval fray without so much as a argumentative knife at your disposal.

Everything else in no particular order.

"Israel has no particular claim to the area": How about a history linking them to the area that goes back about 4 thousand years? I am sure you have read the Old Testament before - when the writers write about Jerusalem, they didn't mean the little fishing village off the coast of New Zealand. If you mean only in recent years, they legally have a claim to the land by what I think are the 1949 Armistice Agreements. If you meant rhetorically, that is really up to you.

Integration possibly proved through historical co-existence - I can forgive you for this one, because it is baffling to myself as well, and I don't think anybody has the slightest flying fuck of an idea how to deal with the situation. But when speaking of integration, really, what do you mean? Should Israel give up nationhood and merge with an emergent nation of Palestinians and call themselves Isrestine or Palasrael? Who would believe in

this? The tiniest dissent whispering “illegitimate” would cause rivers of blood in such a nation, where the history of violence goes back for over 2 generations. Or did you mean coexistence under an outside watch? And how much better would that be, with guns providing peace? As much as I wish peace on the area, it is not a situation of a nation broken in half, e.g. Germany or Korea. It is not a single people who are split because of a government, but they are ideologically different. Even with such a better-case scenario, a quick comparison of East and West Germany and North and South Korea will reveal that even there, underlying hatreds segregate its peoples. As I said and I’m sure you realize, this is a really fucking hard question.

Whew, second paragraph over. Moving on.

Please point out any evident contradictions in the letter, implicit or otherwise. It will help the SJP write a better letter next time that will hopefully address your concerns. Not only this, but you will enlighten people like me who have not seen the letter, and thus, not know what you’re talking about. Gists are about as helpful as my letters.

While I really hate getting technical and shit, a lecture is not exactly a discourse. There was not much disagreement in the limited Q&A between the speakers and the audience, nor between the speakers themselves. Being technical and shit, I would also have to say that this Benjamin event was also supposed to be a lecture with a Q&A afterwards - sadly there was not much discourse.

Also, I note the use of the words “pro-Israel” and “anti-Israel”. I am not sure of what you implicate with those adjectives, because I would be very hesitant before calling either Hass or Nabulsi anti-Israelites. I am not sure in whose contexts you use them, because I’m sure many people, including Benny, will disagree with your label of his event as pro-Israel.

Hope that helped,  
Dae Jin

Dear Hampshire,

I need to get my shit together. I mean in all sorts of different ways, discounting all those really creative ones.

I need to get my shit together. I’m sitting here, haven’t taken a piss for a few hours, bleary-eyed and finger-fatigued, and I HAVEN’T DONE ANY HOME-WORK DUE BY MIDDAY.

I need to get my shit together. My sleep cycles are fucked, and by that I mean I’ve slept all those periods from 9 to 3 or 5 till 12 and you can switch the AMs and PMs around it and it still won’t matter.

I need to get my shit together. I have about 7 checks all at various stages past their expire-date still sitting on top of my drawer.

BUT SERIOUSLY

WE CAN ALL GET OUR SHITS TOGETHER (again discounting the REALLY creative ways to do this).

There are a few of us here, bitching and moaning about these on-campus political issues mostly revolving around SJP actions. Unfortunately, all of our names are prominently missing from any sort of list that would actually help facilitate moderate listen to these issues and thereby affect in any way the brouhaha we see. None of us were at Community Council (thanks for the minutes, that’s pretty fucking cool). I’m pretty damn sure none of us have gone to a Morning with Marlene. I’ve never gone to either a SJP or SPICI meeting.

So what’s with that, huh? Aight, the Omen is a pretty chill place to submit to. No doubt. But admit it, you’re as much fun as I am stoking the fires and watching the place burn down, while talking about civility and mediation and nice little things like that.

If you’re not, it’s time to start getting active - I can recommend the Council, because I see at least one key thing: “please come and positively affect your community!” From the rest of their minutes, it looks like they’d be pretty receptive to talks of communication between antagonistic groups here.

I can’t think of any more to say,  
Dae Jin

Another morning poorly spent, and now I'm wondering whether I should just stay up the extra two hours to get some coffee at SAGA or waste the rest of my day sleeping. Fuck my life.

I'd also fuck the Omen,  
Dae Jin

P.S. Timur, if you don't end up getting an article in here, it's because you cannot respond to my obviously superior arguments and you know it. 🤖

## Alex Torpey?

by Ian McEwen

So we got a couple of emails to our email address for The Omen (that's omen@hampshire.edu, if you want to submit things to us, which of course you do).

From Alex Torpey.

For those of you (probably somewhat more than half the school) who don't know Alex Torpey, he was here a few years ago. The Omen generally disliked him; I'm told that so did most of the people who interacted with him. He was wonderfully power-hungry for the sake of having power (he became head of Community Council, and held a number of other positions, and most say that he did this solely for the sake of having power to throw around).

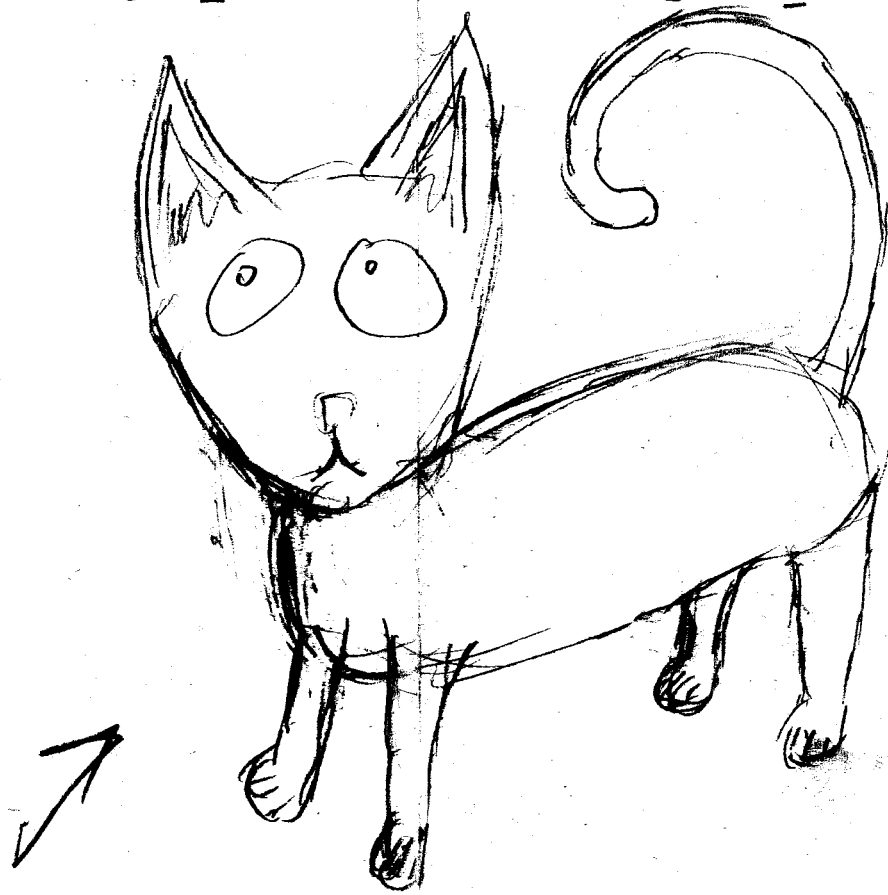
He's now running for South Orange, New Jersey Village President. According to Rachel Ithen, one of our

other Omen signers and editors, there are four people in all of Hampshire eligible to vote in this election. Nonetheless, The Omen appears to be on his mailing list. Since we don't publish random emails to our account unless they're from David Axel Kurtz (and sometimes not even then) we won't publish the whole thing here (heck, it also includes some video, which is rather hard to put into print).

But in case you'd like to help Alex Torpey gain his next arbitrary position of power, and if you are eligible to vote in the election for South Orange, NJ Village President, now you know.

And if any of you know why we're on Alex Torpey's mailing list, we'd love to hear about it. Send it as a submission to omen@hampshire.edu. 🤖

بعد حصولي علي الشهادة العامة، كنت أريد أن  
أدخل كلية الاداب مثل عمي محمد، لكن والدي  
رفض ذلك، وأراد أن ألتحق بكلية التجارة مثل  
ومثلا والدتي، لأن دراسة الأدب في رأيه ليس لها



If I was Picasso this  
would be worth so much.